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Notes of the Week

The Progress of the War

THE sinking of the *Dresden* and the British capture of Neuve Chapelle are the outstanding incidents of the war during the week. Germany has now apparently only one commerce-raider at large, apart from the submarines that are supposed to be blockading Great Britain. Three or four more luckless merchant vessels have been sent to the bottom round our shores, but the harm done has been disproportionate to the volume of the traffic and the loss the Germans themselves are suffering through their piracy. The Order in Council issued this week is proof of Great Britain's determination to punish Germany for her wicked violation of every law of war and of humanity. Nothing will be allowed to enter or leave Germany, so far as the seas are concerned. Never in history has Great Britain shown more promptly or more effectively what sea power means. Sea power has enabled the Allies to destroy the Dardanelles forts and bring Constantinople itself within the orbit of Mars. Everywhere Germany continues to lose important ground; the Russians have Von Hindenburg, the Austrians, and the Turks well in hand. General Joffre in the Vosges, the Argonne, and Champagne has made material advances, and the British have given more than a taste of their quality at both Neuve Chapelle and St. Eloi. Germany's "victories" are of the "Alice Through the Looking-Glass" order.

The War and the Worker

So far as he was able to deal with the events on either front or in the Dardanelles, Lord Kitchener, in his review of the war to date, had gratifying progress to report. A different note was struck when he referred to the output of munitions, and he frankly confessed to very serious anxiety on this score. Men and masters have chosen to fight out their differences whilst the men who are fighting for the very existence of the Empire are kept short of supplies as vital to success as the men themselves. The Government have, it is to be

hoped, made a recurrence of trouble impossible by taking important armament firms under their control, and arranging that the men shall share in any benefits the war brings to particular companies. Workers in the factories who loyally carry out the great task required of them are, as Lord Kitchener says, showing their patriotism and taking their part in the struggle, and when hostilities end medals will be given to them as to the soldiers who have gone through the actual fighting.

Count de Witte

What a great personality means to any nation, whether popularly or autocratically governed, is brought forcibly home by the death of Count de Witte. His rise from a railway clerkship to be Minister of Finance was a proof that democracy does not alone provide the ladder to preferment. As Minister of Finance, he did big things, but his influence was unfortunate in so far as it led to the larger infusion of German brains and German capital into Russian affairs. Long before he came to power, the Germans had been asserting themselves, and he confirmed the pro-German movement which the war will effectually destroy. Had Count de Witte been in office in July, 1914, Russia's hands might have been unpleasantly tied. Great, therefore, as his services to Russia were, there must always be the qualifying thought in those who estimate his zeal and enterprise that he was instrumental in giving the Germans a hold in the country which on every ground Russian patriotism disapproved.

Racing in War Time

The Jockey Club's decision as to the continuance of racing in war-time is precisely in accord with the line taken in THE ACADEMY. Epsom and Ascot are still to be the scenes of classic contests, but everything possible is to be done to prevent the occasion from being turned into a great function of social gaiety. The democracy which is being lectured on the needs of war-time would certainly misinterpret such functions, but unless every jockey and every stableman were fit to join the ranks or competent to assist in a munition factory, there can be no harm in the races themselves. Lord Dunraven's assertion that the abandonment of racing would be "a national calamity" will hardly find much support, but the decision of the Jockey Club to carry on without ostentation will be approved.

Walter Crane

The death of Mr. Walter Crane removes one who was a link between the period of Rossetti, when soft curves and flowing draperies were dear to the artistic eye, and the present day, when there is danger of an epidemic of "cubes," triangles, and zig-zag lines among the more youthful schools. A true artist, Mr. Crane's especial sympathies lay with the illustration of children's books. His poetry is now rarely mentioned; yet in a volume illustrated by charming designs from his own pen, in black and white, he published some years ago a selection of rondeaux and fanciful verse which will stand the test of criticism. Neither in art nor poesy should we set him upon the highest pinnacle; but he won a position for himself in both spheres.

Burghley's Son

ENGLAND'S greatest men have in the main had biographers in abundance. But there are some who only stand out in the general stream of history like buoys indicating certain points to be observed. Sometimes material for a full picture is lacking; sometimes the figure is overshadowed by association. One instance was Sir Charles Saunders, who is best known as Wolfe's Admiral. Until I made a modest effort to supply the omission, the biographer passed him by. Another instance is Robert Cecil, the first Earl of Salisbury, Burghley's son. His name is familiar to students of the history of Elizabeth and James I; the great part he played in the counsels of both and in shaping the destinies of England in most critical times is recognised, but hitherto we have had no adequate and independent study. Mr. Algernon Cecil has, with a devotion and a skill equally admirable, done for him what others have done for Burghley, for Queen Elizabeth, and for Raleigh.* In taking up the rôle of Robert Cecil's biographer, Mr. Algernon Cecil has enjoyed family advantages, and the Hatfield MSS. have yielded a bumper harvest. Whether or not he is right in his assumption that the mere accident of lineal descent may perhaps enable a biographer to "bring to bear upon his subject a keener insight and a firmer grasp"—as a rule we should say perspective were likely to be more true when blood relationship could not possibly affect a point of view—one thing is certain. Mr. Cecil has brought both keen insight and a firm grasp to bear, and his account of the first Earl's too brief career—he was born in 1563 and died in 1612—as well as of the affairs in which he was called upon to play the leading part, is a valuable addition at once to biography and history. The volume will make Robert Cecil one of the intimate characters who live and have their being on our bookshelves.

Next to Queen Elizabeth, Cecil stood for more in the spacious days than any other human being, but he has suffered something approaching eclipse because he kept the ship of state steadily on its course, however stormy the conditions, whilst others were making the welkin ring with their achievements. He was, as Mr. Cecil says, to all intents and purposes, Prime Minister of England during fourteen years when "Shakespeare was giving to the world the supreme glories of the English race." "Beside the splendid gifts of his contemporaries, beside the reckless valour of Essex, the splendid vitality of Raleigh, the far-shining wisdom of Bacon, his own patient labour has passed unperceived, just as amid that crowd of splendid gallants, among whom his lot was cast, his own insignificant person passed unnoticed or despised. Statesmanship is commonly impatient of heroics, and Robert Cecil was not a hero." He was perhaps in a way more than a hero. He was that embodiment of sterling common sense, of sound judgment, of loyalty, and

of resource which are essential even in enterprises of the heroic order. One of the most delightful passages in this delightful book is that containing Burghley's maxims—a sort of Polonius-in-prose exhortation—in which occurs the following:—"Be sure to keep some great man thy friend, but trouble him not for trifles. Compliment him often with many yet small gifts and of little charge. And if thou hast cause to bestow any great gratuity, let it be something which may be daily in sight. Otherwise in this ambitious age thou shalt remain like a hop without a pole, live in obscurity, and be made a football for every insulting companion to spurn at." In "this ambitious age," Robert Cecil was *facile princeps* partly as the result of being the son of his father, partly because of the quality in him which assured him mastery in the midst of rivals who made more noise and bulk larger in literary estimates. "The question whether or not Robert Cecil should succeed his father became only second in importance to that of the succession to the throne," and it was fortunate that so able a son was available to assume the father's mantle.

Queen Elizabeth, Essex, James I, Raleigh—the mere mention of such names brings to mind an idea of the conditions in which Robert Cecil discharged the duties of his high office. Essex with his intrigues and his recantations, Raleigh with his great miscarriages, would alone suffice to make the period fascinating, but, when we get in addition the world-ambition of Spain and the coming of a Stuart to fill the throne of Elizabeth, we have material that a less accomplished writer than Mr. Cecil would find it difficult to make dull. He has to consider many problems, religious, political, international; he handles them all with a lively sense of the difference "between the position of those who can survey historical problems in the comfortable consciousness that no man's life and no man's kingdom hang upon our conclusions, and that of a seventeenth century statesman whom one act of ill-judged leniency might set toppling from his high estate." Some of Mr. Cecil's thoughts by the way—for instance, his reflections concerning diplomacy and "the three Cecils who have had something to say in the making of their country's history"—are illuminative. In foreign affairs Salisbury was eminently successful, and Mr. Cecil's view is that, with the possible exception of Clarendon, "he was the only one who secured to the English people their proper place in the councils and the consideration of Western Europe. So volatile and elusive a thing is that which we call national prestige!" Salisbury was a true Cecil in his superb indifference to popular applause; there are many touches in these pages which suggest affinity with the late Marquis; the Earl was as ready to conform to the demands of the new, whilst stoutly defending what he deemed best in the old, as was his illustrious descendant. There was the same sharp tongue on occasion, as when Cecil rebuked Coke for his treatment of Raleigh at the trial: "Mr. Attorney, you are more peremptory than honest." And there was a Cecilian

* *A Life of Robert Cecil, First Earl of Salisbury.* By ALGERNON CECIL. (London: Murray. 12s. net.)

directness about his support of the Statute of Tillage: "I do not dwell in the country; I am not acquainted with the plough, but I think that whosoever doth not maintain the plough destroys the kingdom." Mr. Algernon Cecil's defence of the Earl's attitude towards Raleigh will go some way to qualify the accepted verdict: Raleigh was an embarrassing friend. Nothing can ever justify the sacrifice of so noble a patriot and so fine a character to the fears and prejudices of the King. Perhaps Salisbury did all he could, and at least whilst he lived Raleigh lived. Salisbury died four years before Raleigh was sent to the block.

EDWARD SALMON.

An Appeal for Serbia

BY ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEW.

A BRITISH Field Hospital is being organised for Serbia under the able directorship of Dr. Hartnell Beavis, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., late director of the Belgian Field Hospital, and it is to be hoped that this will be given the support it deserves, for the condition of the Serbian wounded is a reproach to civilisation. Brave men are dying in agony for lack of sufficient medical attention, for wounds, slight in themselves, become septic if neglected, and gangrene has a habit of spreading quickly. Wounded soldiers are crying out in their agony to England. Can we—ought we—to deafen our ears to their cry?

It will be argued by a number of very kind and well-disposed people that the Serbs have no real claim upon our nation and that charity should begin at home. We have our own soldiers' claims to consider, and not only theirs, but the claims of their dependents. We are bound by a debt of honour to support the homeless Belgian refugees; we have the burden of a colossal war upon our shoulders, but the fact still remains that we are a great country—one of the few prosperous nations; and Serbia—plucky little Serbia—is our ally. The Serbs have no resources to fall back upon. Their country has been wasted by perpetual war. A large part of their territory has been devastated by merciless invaders; their towns and villages have been burnt—their women and children put to the sword. They are sustaining at the present moment an heroic struggle heroically. They have fought with a valour that has electrified Europe, and it must not be forgotten that it is largely thanks to the independent attitude that Serbia

has always adopted that Germany has not made more progress eastward.

The Serbians are a curious and unfortunately very misunderstood race. For political reasons the German and the Austrian Press have conducted for many years a campaign of the most cruel abuse and calumny against Serbia. Her people have been represented as a nation of insolent barbarians, unscrupulous murderers. Courage—sheer physical courage—is the sole virtue that has been accredited to them; but the Serb really possesses a very interesting personality.

First and foremost he is a farmer. He loves the good brown earth and cultivates it carefully; he loves his beasts; he is a merciful master, and though, owing to the poverty of the nation, the latest agricultural improvements are lacking, it is marvellous how fertile the fields have become. This love of the soil is largely responsible for the extraordinary clannish feeling which pervades the entire nation, for the Serb takes the same pride and pleasure in his country that he does in his home. He is exceedingly patriotic. He believes in Serbia with all his heart and soul—her wrongs are his wrongs; he is ready at any moment to pour out his blood for her. And these hard-working agriculturists have never lost touch with the past. The simplest peasant can tell you all about the history of his country, though it reaches back for over a thousand years. But their history-books are the national folk-songs and ballads, and it is these songs that have kept the spirit of patriotism alive in Serbia's heart all through the centuries.

No people in Europe are so greatly given to romance and superstition as are the Serbs. They believe in lucky signs and unlucky omens. They will tell you quite gravely that every tree and stream has its attendant spirit—its "Vila." They relate grim stories about witches and vampires—stories in which they firmly believe themselves. But the Serb is at his most inspired moment on the subject of his country's romantic past. His eyes shine as he pours forth tales about the great Tsar Stephen. He will tell you how in the Holy Cloister of Siczi each king of the line of Stephen was crowned with the diadem of Dushan and issued from the cloister as King of Serbia through a new door cut for his special exit in the old ivy-covered wall. He will sing drowsily to the music of a rude guitar how it came to pass that only seven gates were cut in the cloister wall, for the seventh king, the unhappy Lazar, fell sword in hand fighting the Turks at Kossovo. Or he will sing in lighter strain:

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"Swaggering surely is no sin,
Fair I face the battle's din,"
Laughed old Peter Doitchin,
The burly bau of Varadin.

And as the Serb sings and talks you realise how absolutely the past has hold of him—his love for his country comes out, his vivid belief in her. By slow degrees you can draw out his hopes—his dreams for the future—his firm belief that Serbia is going to be a grand and prosperous nation; and already there can be no denying that she has accomplished a great deal.

In 1817 she was freed from the power of the Turks, and it has taken her less than a hundred years to develop into a strong self-supporting little State. She has had constant upheavals to distract her at home; she has been menaced frequently by great Powers, but she has managed to maintain her own independence, to pay her own way, and this is entirely due to the courage and the perseverance of her sons and her daughters. Russia has been her sole protector. She has been exposed to endless slanders; over and over again it has been a case of "give a dog a bad name and hang him." And now Serbia has received a fresh baptism of blood. She is fighting on the side of England, of France, of Belgium, of Russia; hers is the common cause—the great cause. But she is a little nation, and not nearly so well fitted to cope with the care of her wounded as other countries, for the Serbs are by no means wealthy. They earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, and Serbia has now been at war three times within two years; so is it surprising to what dire straits her people are reduced?

This self-reliant little nation has been the victim of cruel intrigue. The nearest road to Salonika lies through Serbia, and if the Serbs had not preserved their independence—if they had been absorbed into Austria-Hungary, Germany would have had good reason to rejoice; but little Serbia has resisted all the Austrian attempts to force her hand, and now after years of persecution has met her secret enemy in open fight, and defeated him; but some victories are obtained at heavy cost—they have to be paid for in the blood of brave men.

It is almost impossible to describe the appalling condition of the Serbian wounded, but perhaps it is enough to say that during the recent fighting there were 6,000 wounded to about 200 doctors. Mangled soldiers with their bodies torn half open by explosive shells are sometimes left for hours where they fell because of the dearth of surgeons, and when they are finally taken in hand they can only be given a rough dressing on the field; they are then called upon to endure the agony of a long, jolting journey in an ox-wagon to the nearest hospital—a hospital there is little chance of reaching within a week or ten days! Is it surprising that so many patients die in agony on their way, or that wounds not particularly serious at first become septic during the journey? Men have sometimes arrived at the base with their limbs literally rotting off them, and even when the hospitals are reached the wounded have

frequently to lie on straw on the floors, every bed being filled. The supply of bandages often runs short; at the present moment all the hospitals are appealing for more gauze, cotton-wool, and chloroform, and these wants must be supplied. Wounded soldiers cannot be allowed to perish in their agony; a selfish policy never did a nation any good. "Cast your bread upon the waters," says the Book of Books, "and it shall be returned to you after many days."

A hospital that will work on the fringe of the battlefield Serbia stands in great need of at the present moment, and Dr. Hartnell Beavis is anxious to do for Serbia what he has already done for Belgium. He intends to start a Field Hospital that will be worked on similar lines to the Belgian Field Hospital, of which he was director first at Antwerp and then at Furnes. It will consist of four surgeons, four dressers, ten nurses, five motor ambulances, and a full equipment of hospital stores. Its work will lie at the front in the nearest convenient village behind the fighting line, and its duty will be to give immediate help to all those serious cases which will not bear transport to the base hospitals. All dangerous abdominal, chest, and head injuries need immediate treatment if the lives of the patients are to be preserved. Mr. H. S. Souttar, late Surgeon-in-Chief of the Belgian Field Hospital, found that to operate on any internal injury more than twelve hours after it was inflicted was generally useless, and injuries to the limbs by shrapnel nearly always result in gangrene if surgical assistance is too long delayed.

The working expenses of the Hospital will not be particularly heavy—about £400 a month. There are to be 100 beds, and every donation of a pound will keep one bed going for a week. Full reports of the work that is being done will be sent out to subscribers from time to time. Alexander McConnell, Esq., the energetic treasurer of Dr. Hector Munro's Flying Ambulance Corps, and Henry S. Souttar, Esq., F.R.C.S., late Surgeon-in-Chief of the Belgian Field Hospital, have kindly consented to act as Honorary Treasurers, and they will be most grateful for any subscriptions sent to them at 61 and 62, Chancery Lane, W.C.; the smallest donation—even of a shilling Post Office order—will be heartily welcomed, for the poor man may feel as keen a desire to help Serbia as his rich neighbour.

Mr. Souttar, who has recently returned from Furnes, where he has been doing magnificent work, is quite ready to answer any letters of enquiry, and we, who have visited Furnes and seen for ourselves the splendid work that the Belgian Field Hospital is doing, can add our own testimony—the testimony of eye-witnesses. No hospitals can be in greater need of support than these. Were there more Field Hospitals there would be fewer deaths of patients, men whose lives might have been saved could their injuries only have been treated in time. It is not only money for which Dr. Beavis is appealing. Gifts in kind would be equally appreciated. The hospital requires at least four hundred army blankets, and any medical stores would be most welcome—mackintosh sheeting, peroxide of hydrogen,

gauze, and cotton-wool, and, of course, chloroform, for sometimes there has hardly been enough chloroform to go round in the Serbian hospitals, and many wounded soldiers—some of them mere lads—have had to submit to the most painful dressings without any anæsthetic whatever.

We were told a tragic little story straight from Serbia last week. A dying soldier suddenly turned to the English nurse attending upon him and asked her to let him kiss her hand. "This is England's hand," he said huskily, as he kissed her fingers. "Yes, England's hand has bathed my wounds." He died a few minutes later, for he had been brought into the hospital too late to save his life, but his pain had been soothed, and he lay on a bed between clean, white linen sheets. England had done what she could for him, and he was grateful to England—very grateful; he died thanking her.

Over five hundred years have passed since the fatal day of Kossovo, when the last of the old line of Serbian kings was slain, sword in hand; but maybe the mantle of King Lazar has fallen upon the shoulders of King Peter, for who can help admiring the courage of the old king who is fighting with his soldiers in the trenches? Won't England help this little struggling country—help a race of poet-patriots, the folk whose great desire for centuries has been to lead the lives of honest, hard-working husbandmen, the men who have been compelled year after year, owing to the machinations of strong and crafty nations, to abandon the pruning-hook for the sword—to fight for their independence? We English, whose boast it is that we will never be slaves, can surely not refuse our meed of admiration to Serbia. If ever a nation has fought valiantly—heroically—to maintain her independence, Serbia has so fought and is fighting; and let our admiration take some practical form. Let us do what we can to save valuable lives by supporting the first British Field Hospital for Serbia.

On Curiosity

HUMANITY has never been able to satisfy itself as to whether curiosity be a virtue or a vice. When inconvenient, it is labelled as a vice; when it leads to discovery or adds to knowledge, it is applauded as a virtue of the highest order. Certainly it is an instinct deeply engrained in human nature. On it the whole of the progressive steps of childhood's career are based. The first intelligent expression of the infant is wonder; this quickly develops into active curiosity, until life becomes an enthralling and breathless voyage of discovery. Its possession is the great distinction between youth and the purlieus of age. Youth is passed when the sensation of adventure is ended, when, instead of boundless expectation and of curiosity that penetrates into all the corners of existence, a man is content to take things as they are, when eagerness gives way to complacency and questioning to the cynicism of experience.

Curiosity has at all times come into conflict with authority. From the time when society was first modelled, when men began to dwell together in groups and to found cities, and when the knowledge that existed was also arranged into some kind of recognised formulæ, it began to be felt that individual, independent curiosity must give way to an acknowledged authority that should arbitrate as to right and wrong and settle questionings and disputes. In fact, for the privilege of shelter, protection, the material benefits of communal life, man bartered his right of independent judgment, of expressing opinions that should run counter to the conventions established for the benefit of society at large. His curiosity must be confined within limits set by the ruling powers. This attitude and the impossibility of imprisoning the flights of genius within constricted bounds was the source of some of the greatest tragedies in history. It sent a Galileo to prison and expelled a Shelley from the University that afterwards delighted to do him honour. It has been at once the strength and weakness of spiritual authority. "So far you may go, so far know, so far question," was a wise decision of the Church as it affected the unlettered masses; its failure lay in the slowness of authority to move forward the landmarks of knowledge, to recognise the steps which led men far beyond the ancient boundaries of thought, which gave a much wider circle to the horizon of truth than that recognised by authority. It has always been too ready to confuse earnest inquiry with irreverence. Nevertheless, in all affairs authoritative control has been necessary to keep the spirit of inquiry within bounds on which it can work on the lines of truth and science. Without it, Curiosity is the mother of Rumour, and often a near relative, if not precisely the parent of, Invention.

During the war the anxiety of the public and the Press to be *en courant* with all that is happening has led to inevitable conflict with restraining power. Once more the individual has had cause to realise the sacrifice by which he maintains his position as a unit in a protected society. To the relatives of the men laying down their lives on the battlefield, the imposition of silence is incredibly difficult, unnaturally hard to bear; to the Press it means the loss of their privilege of satisfying the curiosity of the public; the only means of bearing it is the knowledge that inclination must be secondary to public good. These suppressions and silences, however, give rise to rumours innumerable, and having little relation to the truth.

Human curiosity may be stifled, but mercifully it never can be killed. In its best form it raises man above the level of the rest of creation; it becomes the desire to know, to penetrate to the root of things, to ascend to the stars and wrest from them their secrets, to solve the problems of the past, the present, and the future. At its worst it may be low and vulgar, unworthy prying into matters which concern us not, the desire to apprehend evil as well as good, a curiosity that is morbid and unwholesome; but, taking it all in all, it is an excellent stimulant to progress.

The man devoid of curiosity is the man who in the end attains to nothing. In the office he remains merely the clerk or paid subordinate; in the professions he rarely specialises or attains to any degree of eminence. In art or literature he would be an anomaly, a thing impossible. That which has brought books and pictures into being is the desire to penetrate the secrets of beauty and humanity and to give it expression which is inherent in the artist. It is the noblest form of curiosity, and that which ranges men on the side of the immortals.

Conversely, it is not only the motive that causes books to be written; it is the incentive which finds them readers. Every soul that enters the wilderness of the world is faced with the terror of its own isolation, a loneliness impossible to be shared by another; it flies to books for the comfort of experiences similar to its own; its greatest curiosity is to get within the envelope of another soul, to taste of its sensations, to live by proxy in its joys and sorrows.

Someone has said that the mind of a child is one huge mark of interrogation; certain it is that the whole experience of life will not suffice to answer the questions seething in the awakening consciousness. Those things which have ever aroused men to keenest curiosity are they to which no answer other than speculation can be given. They are the problems of origin and immortality, of the reasons for existence, if any there be, of its inequalities, of the enormous discrepancy between the powers of man and the fragility of the casket in which they are contained, of the relationship between physical and spiritual forces.

The endeavour to find an answer to these questions is at the root of every religion in the world, of every sect of philosophers yet founded, but still they remain unanswered. The ancients realised the irony of the gods in creating man as an intelligent being, endowed with insatiable curiosity, and then placing between him and the knowledge of all that most vitally concerned him a veil that is impenetrable. At times it seems that the light of science shows places so thin as almost to let through the secret of the other side, but the promise is elusive, and again darkness falls between the spirit of man and the satisfaction of his longing.

The time through which we passed anterior to the war was a time unusually marked by curiosity. Men turned from interest in events to morbid introspection. They dissected each emotion, turned wrong side out each sensation of which human nature was capable. They overhauled in books and plays and in conversation every motive that could animate a love, a hatred, a simple action; curiosity became an obsession, an impulse that was decadent. To the obvious the most complicated motives were attributed. The stroke of a pen, the unsheathing of a sword, has altered all this. The whole of life has become simplified into one great effort centralised on a single purpose, the salvation of our own country and the freedom of the European nations. Our only curiosity lies in the nature of this effort, its duration, the strength of the struggle involved, the loss, the heartbreak, the suffering still

inevitable. Above all there is the question as to its end, the ultimate good, the peace to be set on lasting foundations. And in many sad hearts to-day there lives unceasingly the question of the Great Beyond.

The City Cigar

THE famous essayists of the olden days, attractive as they are in their leisurely methods and their choice of themes, would gain, we imagine, a new and quite exceptional vogue, could we but hear their grave opinions on subjects of the present time. Addison, for instance, writing about his first glimpse of an aeroplane, or Steele giving his impressions of a modern battleship, could not fail to fascinate; and there are a thousand other things brought into being by the mysterious force which we call "progress," equally tempting to the dreamer with a ready pen and an hour or two to spare. One of these, that would have particularly appealed, if we mistake not, to Charles Lamb, is the art of smoking as exemplified in that insignia of financial sociability, the "city" cigar.

In the exchange of courtesies facilitated by tobacco in its various forms, the cigar takes a position of high dignity. The cigarette-case is passed across as a note of the flimsiest bond of mere acquaintanceship; you are smoking a cigarette—the other man is not; you proffer it, he accepts, no suspicion of being poisoned entering his head. The pipe, as a rule, is reserved for actual friendship; the act of tossing across the smooth, comfortably filled pouch, with a request to "Try mine," assumes that you have reached the stage of familiarity where "old chap" may be safely used as a form of address. To offer a cigar, however, may mean either of these things, and place, time, and brand all go to define its significance. Round the fire in the evening, an exchange of cigars may mean intimate friendship; but at lunch or dinner, with business hiding behind the wine, when "affection beams from one eye and calculation gleams from the other," the city cigar comes into its own. It is always offered, never exchanged. It is a cigar with a decided figure—corpulent, long, dark in colour, and rather ostentatious; to many men it would be something of a trial to consume it to the glowing end. The owner of this implement of high finance is careful as to the moment when he produces it—there comes a point in the negotiation, he is well aware, when the appearance of his packed case from a breast pocket will have the maximum of effect. He will smoke one, of course, himself; but first of all he will artfully apply the lighted match to that of his companion (who may become friend or opponent), and his manner, his style, of smoking will be no less artful. It will enter into his conversation here and there, emphasising a remark, gripped firmly between the teeth and urged to a red-hot, fuming circle; poised between first and second finger, it will gently, blandly wave away any possible complaints or objections; held reversed between finger and thumb, the contemplation of its crown of white ash may give

time for retreat from an awkward dilemma, or for the concoction of a neat reply. Its comrade, as a rule, during these manœuvres, is simply smoked, though, if the occasion be a duel of wits, both cigars may take their part in the process of argument. Finally, the victorious one, sitting well back in his chair, will gaze at the ceiling and tilt his cigar at the American angle, satisfied with the consciousness of a good deed or a good "deal"; but if neither prove successful, both cigars may be carried from the scene at a defiant, business-like straight line, half-smoked, determined grimly not to give in. And thus, in any restaurant or grill-room within reach of the city man, you may see the by-play of the important city cigar at suitable hours. Through its rich, pale blue wreaths of smoke the glare of suspicious eyes becomes modified to a twinkle; in its fragrance strangers are persuaded as by a magic spell into accepting friendship, bearing other people's burdens—but not in the Scriptural sense—and taking steps which they will not easily retrace. It is a power in the world; and though cigars, speaking generally, are pleasant and desirable things, the city cigar is not entirely admirable. It is too big, too long, too intelligent—and much too human.

W. L. R.

REVIEWS

Russia in Transition

Thirty-Five Years in Russia. By GEORGE HUME.
(London: Simpkin, Marshall. 10s. 6d. net.)

ALL who care to get glimpses of the formative influences at work in a great country will be attracted by Mr. George Hume's account of the third of a century he spent in Russia. Incidentally his story is of no mean interest as a record of successful personal endeavour, and, if Dr. Smiles were with us to write a new "Self-Help," he would certainly have to include George Hume, who started life as the indentured apprentice of a mechanical engineer, and after various adventures introduced reaping machines in Russia, and wound up as a prosperous millowner in Kharkov. Mr. Hume is clearly a man of many parts, for his book is better than most of its kind; he avoids the pitfalls of inane detail which are common among the writers of autobiography not of the first order, and he succeeds in holding our interest, not only in the country itself, but in his own fluctuating fortunes. It is an encouraging book to read, and will be an especial favourite, we should say, among the young men of the great manufacturing centres of England who are dreaming dreams of new worlds to be conquered by enterprise. They will find in it guidance and suggestion both as to things to do and things to avoid. For our part, the pages with which we are most concerned are those dealing with the Russian Government, the Russian people, and the movements which have set Russia on the road that should ultimately bring her into

line with the two great progressive countries of Western Europe—France and Great Britain. The table he gives of dates of the principal events during his time in Russia from 1861, when it was decreed that 23,000,000 serfs should be emancipated, down to 1891, when the great famine occurred in the Eastern sections of the empire, covers such important landmarks as the institution of the Zemstva, trial by jury, the Russo-Turkish War, the difficulties with Great Britain over the Afghan frontier, and Nihilism. It was a period of transition during which Russia would probably have gone much further towards freedom from the old conditions of serfdom and autocracy but for the excesses of students and agitators who made civil government almost impossible.

Mr. Hume has several striking stories to tell of the stirring and unhappy struggle. The Russian authorities were on occasions severe enough in their methods of repression, but in the main the harshest were humanity itself by contrast with the German governor who in one province made himself so hated by the brutal tyranny with which he discharged his duties that he was mobbed even by the women. It was the law that every peasant who under the emancipation edict had gone to reside out of his village should send his passport yearly for renewal to his commune, with a poll tax of three roubles. Thousands had taken up their residence in cities, and the passport renewal was practically falling into desuetude. The peasants had mistaken their privileges, and the German governor knew how to take advantage of their oversight. He issued a proclamation that any householder harbouring tenants without a passport should be fined 500 roubles, and hundreds of families were turned out into inclement streets in order that the householder should escape the penalty. Mr. Hume gave shelter to a woman and three children, one three weeks old, and was compelled to pay £50 for his humanity. That story of the German governor bears a greater significance to-day than when Mr. Hume committed it to paper. It is doubtless one of many instances which might go far to explain the exultation with which Russia leapt as one man to take part in a war against everything German. It is not the only passage in this interesting volume which throws a ray of light on the events of the years since Mr. Hume lived in Russia. To-day we recognise more strongly than was possible in the 'eighties how true is the suggestion that there is considerable affinity between certain aspects of the British and Russian characters. "It must not be forgotten," says Mr. Hume, "that Russia is a nation in the making"; Britons, himself among the number, have lent a material hand in the process, and all the more recent students of Russian affairs agree that whilst none can render Russia more service than the Briton, so none is assured of a warmer welcome in the Empire of the Tsar. Mr. Hume's book would be worth reading if only for the hints it affords of one direction at least in which British brains and British capital may be employed to their own profit and the advantage of the Russian people.

Quiet Memories

The Hon. Adelaide Drummond: Retrospect and Memoir. By BASIL CHAMPNEYS. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE art of writing and selecting reminiscences which shall appeal to the public is not an easy one unless the writer has moved among large events and striking personalities, and we are compelled to recognise from the first that Mr. Champneys, in his close connection with the Drummond family, takes more heed of what will be interesting to the "children, grandchildren, and great-grandchild" to whom the book is dedicated, than of material of a wider reach. Many of the letters included deal with very trivial affairs—dolls, gardens, impressions of flowers, an aquarium and its inhabitants, etc.—over which the ordinary reader will not be able to raise any enthusiasm. There is more of entertainment in the glimpses we are given of life in the earlier years of the nineteenth century, when there were "no anæsthetics and no antiseptics," and when, if drains smelt badly, the weather-wise people "merely remarked that it was going to rain soon." London was then a very different city; "there were no florists' shops, no flowers in the parks, and nursery gardens abounded south of Belgravia and Kensington and north of Hyde Park."

Mrs. Drummond as a child was privileged to see "the beginning of the great Victorian era." As she was walking with her governess "by the waterside close to the end of Rotten Row" a large dark coach came rather swiftly by:—

At the window next to us was a young face framed in a large black bonnet—not a close bonnet, but one having rather the effect of a very large round hat. The eyes were very red; the hair, a pale brown, was neatly parted in the middle into plain and smooth Madonna bands, such as were universally worn at that time. "That is the young Queen," said our governess, "going to live at Buckingham Palace." This was, I think, a few days after the death of King William.

The young Queen Victoria asked them to call one day, during their morning walk, and received them as she was dressing. "She was very kind to us—sat on a large old-fashioned sofa, putting on her white silk stockings."

So, in a stream of quiet gossip, of memories and letters, the book goes on. Macaulay was a frequent visitor to the Edinburgh hotel where Mrs. Drummond stayed with "Papa and Mamma"—Lord John Russell, her stepfather, and his second wife; thus distinguished from "my father" and "my mother." She also met the poet Moore; saw "Tom Thumb," who "looked like an infant of nine months old dressed in man's clothing"; and has a note on the first appearance of "negro" minstrels in the early 'forties, who created quite a rage in society. In the days of Frederick Greenwood, when the *Pall Mall Gazette* was a literary power in the land, Mrs. Drummond was a frequent and valued contributor to its columns, writing also many notes for *Truth*. Much more, we fancy, might

have been made of these journalistic reminiscences. The book is lively, chatty, and has its really entertaining pages, but on the whole it will be valued chiefly by the members of the circle to which this charming lady belonged.

A Martyr of the Commune

Archbishop Darboy and Some French Tragedies. By LEWIS C. PRICE. (G. Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

IT is in sharp contrast to his contemporaries of the Second Empire that the figure of Archbishop Darboy stands out. Amid so much that was sordid, sensual, and extravagant, the cleric's holy, pure, and austere life was one of the few oases in the desert of self-indulgence and recklessness which for the second time in a comparatively short space of years caused France to witness scenes of brutality and bloodshed, now unfortunately equalled and surpassed in Belgium and on her own northern frontier.

Born of humble parents in the small town of Fayl-Billot, Georges Darboy early showed an inclination for study and an aptitude for theological research. To these qualities were added an increasing reputation as a preacher, so that friends who had watched with interest the career of the young priest were not surprised when in due time, and on account of the untimely fate of two of his predecessors, Archbishops Affre and Sibour, and the death of a compatriot, Archbishop Morlot, the Emperor appointed Monseigneur Darboy to the vacant see of Paris. This act did not exactly please the Empress; she would have preferred Napoleon's choice to have fallen upon M. Déguerry, the Rector of the Madeleine Church. The Emperor's selection was wise, however, for, though M. Déguerry was undoubtedly a good man and a brave, he had not the ability or the power of Bishop Darboy.

Possessing a calm, reasonable, and sincere disposition, the prelate was not one who believed in fiery denunciations or trusted to eloquent arguments to promote the cause of the Church so dear to him. The example of a life, well ordered and consistent, and an opportunity never missed to aid, materially or spiritually, any other human being were the assets he principally relied upon to balance the Paris account of bebauchery and crime of the worst description. He was deeply considerate of his priests, and was greatly loved and respected by them. With the Pope he had a short altercation concerning the doctrine of ultramontanism to which his Holiness clung very tenaciously. Throughout the whole of his life Archbishop Darboy had held very strongly to Gallican principles concerning the doctrine of infallibility, yet, when pressure was put upon him by the Holy See, he accepted the new dogma decreed by Pío Nono. Mr. Price very earnestly and elaborately excuses him for this concession, although at the same time acknowledging it as an evil. This is a controversial subject, and one upon which more than one opinion is held, but at all events it is quite certain that the Archbishop's

decision was in no way influenced by the thought of worldly advancement.

The tragic end of this famous man is well known. Falling under the unreasonable and bitter hatred of Raoul Rigault, Prefect of Police under the Commune, he with many other priests was brutally murdered.

The book is well written, the incidents bearing on the life of the cleric well chosen, while the whole gives an interesting and clear picture of France during the Second Empire and under the Commune.

Fiction

IN "The Titan," by Theodore Dreiser (Lane, 6s.), we have a novel far and away above the average in the quality of interest, yet one which leaves an unpleasant savour. Frank Cowperwood, who, we suppose, claims the title of the "hero," is a keen, ambitious financier, with a "past" in Philadelphia, settled with his wife in Chicago with the object of conquering both socially and in finance. By trickery, bribery, corruption, by all sorts of mean actions—such as the deliberate employment of a woman to beguile an opponent into intimacy, that this may afterwards be used as a lever against the man—he gains wealth, his practices appearing to him merely as sharp business operations. His wife was formerly his mistress; he has many more, and the description of his absolutely unscrupulous amours becomes wearying; finally, at the age of fifty, he lays himself out to woo a girl of twenty, who, like all the others, gives way to him at last. Scenes between himself and his wife are painful; he was her idol, and the destruction of her faith in him leads to her own collapse. There are very many characters in this lengthy novel, but apparently not one decent man, not one woman who might form a bright, healthy figure for the reader's thoughts to dwell upon and gain relief. As we have said, the book is extremely interesting; the continuous struggle of giants of finance to obtain control of railways, gas, and other concerns holds the attention; but the presentation of such a man as a quite wonderful, "strong," heroic personage might well have been left, if done at all, to some obscure writer whose work should quickly reach oblivion.

Take a duke and a duchess, a beautiful girl who loses her memory and her identity after an awful experience, a German financier, chief persecutor and quite up to date, who has the decency to commit suicide, and an evening saunter along the Boulevard des Italiens, and you have most of the ingredients necessary for the concoction of a drawing-room melodrama which will delight the area belle of a Bloomsbury mansion. Of such is "The Snare," by G. Vane (Lane, 6s.); and it is all very exciting. But although the author assures us his tale is a true one, could these things ever have happened in fact?

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Author of "The Greater Triumph," &c.

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY

Shorter Notices

A Poet of Cromwell's Day

There may be little that is particularly attractive in the work of the old-fashioned metaphysical school of poetry to those who have steeped themselves in the literature of the nineteenth century, but to the inquiring, critical mind each poet has his place in the slow, stately progress. In the "Essays and Selected Verse of Abraham Cowley" (Walter Scott Publishing Co., rs.) we find a remarkably clear and penetrating introduction by Mr. J. M. Attenborough which should please all students of this curiously unequal poet. Cowley has suffered much detraction—sometimes, we suspect, by those who only know his work at second hand; but among the confusion of his artificial versifying there are many gems of purest poetry, well worth the seeking. His lament on the death of his friend William Harvey—of the same family as the great physician—is worthy of his contemporary Milton, yet few are found to mention it when "Lycidas" and other famous elegies are discussed. In this volume the Pindaric Odes, the wonderfully good "Poetical Blossoms" which Cowley issued at the age of thirteen, and many other poems, are reproduced. The essays included may rank with the best work of his period. We are especially inclined, however, to call attention to the introduction as an admirable example of constructive criticism, brief, sympathetic, and to the point.

Swedenborg and Some Men of Genius

A series of very pleasant biographical sketches by H. N. Morris, under the title of "Flaxman, Blake, Coleridge, and Other Men of Genius Influenced by Swedenborg," is published by the New Church Press at 2s. 6d. Many students of the period are familiar with the work of Blake and Coleridge, but know very little of the life and craft of Flaxman, artist and sculptor, and the story of his development from a little crippled boy to fame and the friendship of Blake is here told in a simple and attractive manner. In addition to this, the twenty-four pages of his outline drawings, comprising the "Knight of the Blazing Cross," a booklet which he presented to his wife on her birthday in 1796, fifteen years after their marriage, are reproduced very effectively. This alone renders the volume of exceptional interest and value. Blake, Coleridge, Emerson, the Brownings, and some less-known people who were influenced by the Swedish engineer and philosopher, are also briefly treated, the only fault we have to find being that no short biography of Swedenborg himself is included. The author explains that his chapters were written chiefly for young people, but they may be read with profit by all.

Strange But Congenial Company

Mr. Nicholas Everitt is a lively companion. His "Round the World in Strange Company" (Werner Laurie, 12s. 6d. net) might have been all the better for a little judicious pruning, but where a man has so much that is amusing to tell us we must forgive a solitary lapse from good taste, a rather irritating habit, deliberate though his purpose be, of particularising unimportant things, and an occasional "chestnut." His book shows a real grip of America and its less familiar side, and we are quite prepared to endorse his final words, "Verily, my reader, 'Truth is stranger than fiction, and travel reveals both.'" In his introduction Mr. Everitt half-apologetically tells a quaint

story of a manuscript novel which, after going the round of the publishers, he consigned to the waste-paper basket. It was fished out by the boot-boy, who was discovered devouring it. Second thoughts induced Mr. Everitt to give the despised MS. another chance. "It was one of those quite unforeseen electric successes which jump to immediate popularity, and is still going strong." The fortunes of books are as uncertain and surprising as those of travel, and Mr. Everitt has had his share of surprises in both.

The Theatre

Opera in English and Mr. Courtneidge

EVERYBODY has welcomed the courage which has prompted this adventure at the Shaftesbury Theatre, but we wonder if just the same number of people will go to see "Tales of Hoffmann," of Offenbach, and Puccini's Japanese tragedy, "Madame Butterfly." Both operas are produced with care and sung with skill. Offenbach's delightful barcarolle has seldom been more sympathetically rendered than by the fine orchestra conducted by Mr. Hamish MacCunn, nor could we expect the music for Puccini's heroine and her lover, Pinkerton, to be more convincingly given than it is by Miss Rosina Bückmann and Mr. Webster Millar respectively. And yet, notwithstanding all the advantages with which Mr. Courtneidge endows his productions, there is missing the note of enthusiasm, the touch of quick response, without which no opera can endure, nor any season flourish. Is it the rather dull and laboured fantasy of the twice-told "Tales" and the somewhat obvious and long-drawn-out pathos of the "Butterfly" that set the audiences coughing on the nights when we were at the theatre? Or is it that, charm the management and the cast never so wisely, this is not the time, nor London the place, for English opera just now? We fancy that if all the cost and cleverness expended on these two pieces had been devoted to some less awkward story than "Hoffmann" and some less tragic piece than the well-known "Butterfly" happier results would have been gained. The music of the first is so lively and the singing of the second so good that surely some merry piece backed by the present resources of the Shaftesbury would attract great audiences. If it be Mr. Courtneidge's intention, as we trust it is, to provide a *répertoire*, we beg, in all our interests, that its character may be witty and gay. Good music finely expressed is always welcome, but to be widely popular we must have also liveliness, loveliness, and grace.

"Folly as It Flies"

EACH new revue as it arrives is a little more gorgeous than the last, a little more elaborate. Although the same type of entertainment as the old, "The Passing Show, of 1915," will be found to have outgrown its parent in length and occasionally in breadth. Mr.

Alfred seemed possible upon the were the set aside go, and will ha spiritin "The I affair w shorter high sp and th Palace the bes of "D is the son K Sydne done greater in a d revue. easy g

F R bring break ordin Ever the m use h glass mate half seng a sho recog time about glas with terin The vent the ado on i had Wa Fro I win Th gla sel

Alfred Butt's enormous production at the Palace seemed on Tuesday night to have crowded every possible product of a "Revue Factory," the first scene, upon the stage and trusted to the audience to say which were the things they liked and which might be quietly set aside. Many incidents and even whole scenes may go, and still Mr. Wimperis and Mr. Hartley Carrick will have supplied us with a brilliant, witty, and inspiring evening's entertainment. The new edition of "The Passing Show" is a very splendid and amusing affair which will become even more agreeable as it grows shorter. In the meantime our chief pleasure is in the high spirits of Mr. Arthur Playfair, Mr. Nelson Keys, and the welcome Miss Elsie Janis, who returns to the Palace as "Miss Foxtrot from the U.S.A." For us, the best thing in the revue is the good-natured travesty of "David Copperfield." Mr. Playfair's "Peggotty" is the most amusing piece of ironic criticism; Mr. Nelson Keys' "Little Em'ly" is a delight; Mr. Lewis Sydney's "Ham" is the best thing that even he has done for a long while; and Mr. Hallam is seen to greater advantage in his light skit of "David" than in a dozen other more pretentious parts throughout the revue. Miss Janis still sings and dances with her old easy grace and charm and subtle art. EGAN MEW.

MOTORING

FROM the motorist's point of view, one of the interesting results of the war so far has been to bring into special prominence the utility of the unbreakable glass known as "Triplex," as a substitute for ordinary plate-glass in connection with motor vehicles. Ever since the introduction of the automobile, one of the most prolific sources of danger associated with its use has been that arising in accidents from the broken glass of windscreens and windows. It has been estimated from carefully compiled statistics that more than half the injuries sustained by motor drivers and passengers have been caused by splintered glass following a shock or collision. The evil has, of course, long been recognised, and many attempts have been made from time to time to find a remedy. But it was not until about three years ago that the problem of producing a glass which combines the transparency of ordinary glass with complete immunity from breaking, or rather splintering, no matter how violent the shock, was solved. The composite glass known as "Triplex"—a French invention, we believe—caused quite a sensation at one of the motor exhibitions when drastic methods were adopted to demonstrate the validity of the claims made on its behalf. Since then, many private motorists have had their cars fitted with it, and its adoption by the War Office for use on the motor lorries, etc., at the Front has drawn increased attention to its merits.

It is safe to prophesy that sooner or later every motor windscreen and window will be fitted with Triplex. There is no secret about the construction of this safety glass. It consists in placing a sheet of specially selected and clear celluloid between two sheets of plate-

glass, and, after a treatment which constitutes the patent, subjecting the three to hydraulic pressure until they become one homogeneous and transparent sheet. So unbreakable is the Triplex that it will resist bullets, even at comparatively close range. In a series of experiments carried out at Lord Stanhope's private range in Chevening Park some time ago, remarkable proof of this was forthcoming, the weapon used being an Army service rifle with Mark vii. ammunition. At a distance of 300 yards the bullet merely penetrated the first layer of glass, being stopped by the celluloid, which was only cracked. In a second test, with 1¼-inch Triplex, also at 300 yards, the bullet again failed to penetrate the back layer. At a still shorter range (50 yards) the bullets simply made clean holes, leaving the glass as waterproof and weatherproof as before, except in the perforated part. Ordinary plate-glass would have been shattered to atoms.

The City

FEAR is expressed in well-informed quarters that the ease with which War Loans and Treasury Bills have been taken up may induce a certain amount of recklessness in finance on the part of the authorities. There are said to be large amounts of floating debt which ought to have been liquidated; naturally those who have surplus cash available prefer to get a high rate of interest rather than keep it on deposit at the banks for a mere nothing. Within the past few days steps have been taken to curtail the supplies of floating credits, and the effect on the market has been exceedingly healthy. The War Loan, which suffered from the effect of the Treasury Bills last week, and certain Colonial Securities have begun to look up. Lord Kitchener's speech indicating how the Government propose to give workers a share of the profits of armament companies has been noted with lively interest in certain quarters, and its effect adds a further reason to that given in this column last week why holders of armament shares should not look for any further material advance. Armament shares are chiefly of speculative interest; as investments at present prices they are likely to be a luxury in the days to come.

Home Rails are firm on the prospect of a final and satisfactory solution of the wages question. The railways have had a more trying time since the outbreak of war than is generally recognised; they have done their patriotic best, working at the highest pressure with often inadequate staffs, and they have had to sacrifice normal business to meet the Government's demands. Government allowances in few cases make good the losses incurred, and indispensable as the efficient working of the lines has been to the movement of troops and material, the railways have not been among those enterprises which have made war profits. The market welcomes even the possibility of relief.

Oil shares had a further little flutter at the end of last week but are again on the downward trend. Rubbers are firm but dull, though some of the reports now being issued ought to put heart into the market. Batu Caves we naturally expect to make a good showing, but in these times a final dividend of 75 per cent., making 150 per cent. for the year, reads almost like a fairy story. Batu Caves make this fine return on so distracting a year, whilst carrying forward only £500 less than last time.

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Unless conditions get worse, instead as is generally anticipated better, Batu Caves ought to do at least as well in 1915.

The net profit of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, at £20,261, is less than half what it was a year ago, and there is no Ordinary dividend. There is a balance after providing for the payment of the year's dividend on the 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares, due March 25, of £22,869. This the directors recommend should be carried forward to the new profit and loss account: a policy of cautious finance warranted by the general conditions.

The British Dominions General Insurance has had a good year and reports a premium income of £610,142. The balance carried forward is £449,544, against £303,238 brought in. The total assets of the company amount to £872,111. The directors recommend a final dividend on the Ordinary Shares of 3 per cent., making 6 per cent. for the year.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE PRICE OF NOVELS, Etc.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—I fear Mr. George has somewhat weakened his position by the strong language he used in your last issue regarding "A Publisher's" account of his recent lecture on "Bookseller and Author."

As chairman of that meeting I much enjoyed Mr. George's lecture, but I thought there were two points in it which showed a want of knowledge of the trade and also of the value of a book.

In the first place no ordinary bookseller would buy a first novel by an unknown author, at whatever price it was offered, and I am sure no bookseller would stock his shop with books at the prices quoted by Mr. George unless there was some known author or publisher behind the book to give it some sort of recommendation. It is usually the author's reputation and the quality of his work that sells a novel, and nothing that a bookseller could say or do would otherwise sell a copy. The system suggested in Mr. George's letter, "that several publishers make a practice of entrapping novices and paying them nothing on the first 1,500 copies or so, which means nothing at all," is a libel upon the publishing trade of London.

Mr. George's second point is that remainders interfere with the sale of a particular book. The question as to whether a book should be remaindered, and, if so, under what conditions, is a very important one, and I am quite convinced that no definite rule can be laid down which would be applicable to all classes of remainders. There are books remaindered which will sell quickly when brought to the notice of a particular class of readers, and others which are only fit for the hawk's barrow or to be pulped as waste. I have known many books which have been remaindered and have thus had attention drawn to them; occasionally they have been quickly bought up, and often re-sold at their full published price. To instance only one: the first edition of Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam" was sold from a fourpenny box, and copies afterwards fetched twenty-five pounds. By this means a reputation was established and a position for this book secured. I

should maintain that discretion might be shown in this as well as in other departments of our trade. There are books which are only fit to become fuel for the fire; others, either through over-printing or want of pushful advertising, have only reached a very limited public, and then through being reduced in price, have found an eager public who are only too delighted to get a book of such value at a price suited to their limited means. Although bookselling is a business, and a most interesting one, yet it does not exist only for those who carry it on. If there were no booksellers' shops some means would have to be found for disseminating that which goes to making the intelligence of a nation. "Show me the literature of a nation and I will tell you the character of the people," said a great man, and I am quite convinced that if limits were placed upon the distribution of our books, for the benefit of author or bookseller, the Government or the people would soon find some means by which their intellectual wants were supplied.

My firm conviction is that no book which appeals to the intellect or which goes to the formation of character should be destroyed. When the time comes in the life of a book that has exhausted the sphere for which it was intended, let it be offered as a remainder, and I am sure it will percolate through the various strata of society until it finds its level of usefulness; this may be in the library of the collector, or for a more useful purpose in the homes of the working classes; but never should a book of any literary value be destroyed.

I am glad to see that Mr. George has "a strong liking for certain publishers." I sincerely hope he will go on with the study of our trade. Whatever may be the position of the author, I am sure Mr. George will find that the publisher or the bookseller is more likely to be the "Lamb" in the making and sale of books than the author. I remain, yours faithfully,

JOSEPH SHAYLOR.

March 12, 1915.

A DUPED PEOPLE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In reading the daily war news one constantly finds repetition of the names of cities and forts in France and Belgium, as well as mention of neutral seas and ports in Holland and Denmark, which were the lively centres of many a battle and siege in the Napoleonic and Revolutionary days of a century ago and later, and one has only to substitute German for French invaders in order to keep track of the course of the present war on the Continent, and to revive old historical connections and memories. In other words, one needs but to substitute the names of "Kaiser" and Germans for those of "Napoleon" and French. Yet how little there is really in common between the arrant vanity and ambition of the Kaiser and the military genius and avowed democracy of Napoleon! They resemble each other alone in a common lust of power and military glory: whereas the German people, subject to present revelations, much more closely resemble the mental attitude and infatuation of the French people in those days, who were so terribly obsessed by the glamour and delusion of "Glory." The French even then, and thus obsessed, were never half so barbaric and ruthless as the Kaiser's military hordes and airmen are now. The French were ever a gallant and generous people—no matter what their obsession or what their delusion. Hence, French culture

counts for something, and is a very different thing from the German "Kultur" in these days. Moreover, the French were never hypocrites—they did not even *profess* to be "Christians" in the days of the Revolution, or even under the Napoleonic regime—even Napoleon himself did not profess to be "God's Vice-Regent"! Indeed, the French believed (or did at the time of the Revolution) that they had a mission, the delivery of mankind from tyrants, and that they were instruments, in some wise, for the purpose of inaugurating a sort of universal Democracy. The German people of the present day believe only in their "mission" to overthrow Democracy and to establish a universal "Roman German Empire," with the Prussian Kaiser as its head. In short, it would not appear to be within the compass of narrow German minds to be generous, or to be actuated by other than purely selfish and vain-glorious motives and interests. They have become indoctrinated with the ridiculous idea that they are God's "Chosen People," the Salt of the Earth, and they only. They are short-sighted, vain and presumptuous, yet not destitute of all virtue. They remain a singularly virile and prolific race, which attests at least to their immunity from the besetting sins and violations of certain laws and principles which have become far too prevalent among more highly civilised and more generous races and peoples during the last century, and especially in France and throughout the Anglo-Saxon world. Moreover, I do not believe that the general masses of Germans, apart from the Prussians (who are the least Teutonic of all German peoples), are depraved; but that they are what they are to-day because of the sinister militarism and bureaucracy which they have unconsciously allowed to dominate German policy, and to subvert and wellnigh destroy their civic rights and freedom.

And, super-added to Kaiser, tyranny and militarism, should be remembered the inculcation and dissemination broadcast of Treitschke's pernicious teachings and "Gospel of Hate," which it has been the policy of Prussian militarists to encourage. Hence, Germans are in great measure the victims and dupes of a malign and deliberate conspiracy. By very virtue of their simple-mindedness and better natures the Germans of to-day are what they are, because of false teachings and insidious influences. They may be "vain" and "short-sighted," and "narrow-minded" accordingly—and I think they are all that—but they could never have become metamorphosed into sheer brutes had they not been shamefully imposed upon. I am, sir, yours truly,

EDWIN RIDLEY.

New York, U.S.A.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MAGAZINES, PERIODICALS, Etc.

Ulula; *The Triad*, N.Z.; *Peru To-day*; *Publishers' Circular*; *New York Times Book Review*; *Wednesday Review*, Trichinopoly; *Revue Critique*; *Poetry*, Chicago; *Windsor*; *Montreal Weekly Witness*; *English Review*; *British Review*; *The Antiquary*; *Modern Review*, Calcutta; *The Crucible*, Allahabad; *Review of Reviews*, Melbourne; *The Bookfellow*, Sydney; *The School World*; *Literary Digest*, N.Y.; *The Author*; *T.P.'s Journal*; *St. George's Magazine*; *Poetry Review*; *Asiatic Review*; *United Empire*; *Land Union Journal*; *Palestine Exploration Fund Quarterly Statement*; *Musical News*; *Revue Bleue*; *Dublin Review*; *Bird Notes and News*; *Quarterly Review*; *The Phoenix*; *Ararat*; *Church Quarterly Review*; *Journal of the Imperial Arts League*; *The Bodleian Quarterly Record*.

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